

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.
Cassio. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his iesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam, haunt you: what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wherefoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*? How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.
Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Cas. I must, hee'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: say no more.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:

A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will sing the Savagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plentiful wit, and invention?

Iago. She's the worke for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:

And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. Too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it

Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her patient to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expostulate with her: leaue her body and beautie vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The Iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vnder-taker:

You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodonico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,

'Tis *Lodonico*, this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodonico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Des. Cozen, there's false betweene him, & my Lord,

An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will.

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,

Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much

T'atone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord,

Oth. Are you wife?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be th' Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,

Deputing *Cassio* in his Gouernment.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,

Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,

Make her amends: she weepes.

Oth. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,

Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:

Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Oth. Mistris.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:

Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on

And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.

And she's obedient: as you say obedient.

Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.

Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)

I am commanded home: get you away:

Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,

And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:

Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night

I do entreat, that we may sup together.

You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.

Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature

Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue

The shot of Accident, nor darr of Chance

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.

What he might be: if what he might, he is not,

I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew

That stroke would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his wife?

Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,

And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:

It is not honestie in me to speake

What I haue scene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,

And his owne courses will deonte him so,

That I may saue my speech: do but go after

And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Oth. You haue scene nothing then?

Emil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you haue scene *Cassio*, and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,

Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Oth. What? Did they neuer whisper?

Emil. Neuer my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Emil. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-

Emil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?)

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:

Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,

Remoue your thought: It doth abuse your bosome:

If any wretch haue put this in your head,

Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
 Is foule as Slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Emilia.*

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud

That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:

A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,

And yet she'll kneele, and pray: I haue scene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Oth. Some of your Function Mistris:

Leave Procreants alone, and shut the doores:

Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:

Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch, *Exit Am.*

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Oth. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.

Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least

being like one of Heauen, the diuels themselues should

fear to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare

thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If happily you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,

I haue lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heauen,

To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:

Steep'd me in poueritie to the very lippes.

Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vmost hopes,

I should haue found in some place of my Soule

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,

To point his flow, and mouing finger at.

Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:

But there where I haue garner'd vp my heart,

Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,

Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,

Or keepe it as a Cestene, for foule Toades

To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:

Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,

I heere looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. Oh I, as Sommer Flies are in the Shambles,

That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:

Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,

That the Sense akes at thee,

Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Oth. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke

Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,